LEAVE LUICESTER JUNCTION.

ADDISON RAILROAD ixed train leaves Ti at 6:20 A. M; arriving at leaster Junction at 8:20 A. M. ixed train leaves Leicester Junction at 5:25 M. at arriving at Ti 6:36 P. M.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE. MAILS ARRIVE.
com Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East
Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport.
sy mail from north
w York, Rutland and Albany.

MATLS CLOSE.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Congregational—Corner Piensant and Main sts.
Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at 19:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Methodist.—North Piensant-st. Rev. M. B. Mead, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.

Episcopai—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st. Rev. Wm. J. Tilley, rector. Sunday sechool at 12 A.M., Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M.

Roman Cutholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, silternate Subatas; High Mass at 10:00 A.M.; Vespers and benediction at 6:30 P.M.

EAST MIDDLERURY.
, pastor. Sunday services

Reptist—Rev. David F. Estes, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:00 and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Repsecopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. F. S. Fisher, ector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Friday evening at 7:00.

Mission Chaptel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor, ervices, alternate Subbaths; High Mass at 10:00 A.M.; Vespers and benedletion at 6:00 P.M. Congregational—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Congregational-Rev. J. A. Devine, paster Sunday services at 11, A. M., and 17, P. M. Thursday evening prayer-meeting at 1 to P. M. Bristel Directory.

Captist—Rev. W. D. Hall, apstor. Sunday seres at 10:45 A. N. and 7:00 P. M. Prayer meet
t. Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's
eting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Young people's
eting Tuesday evening at 7:30. P. M. Class meet
Tuesday evening at 7:30. P. Prayer meeting
ursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting
ursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting
ursday evening at 7:30. Sunday
pangelical Advant—Rev D. Bosworth; Prayer
th's house.

CHURCHES.

From New Haves, the North, New York, Boston, and the West through Burlington, 1:30. P. M. From New Haves, the South, New York, Bos-

ton, and the West. 5 30 F. M.
From Richmond, Huntington, Huntington Cener, and Shriksboro, 4 10 F. M. Mondays Wednes, ays and Fridays, at 4 30 p. m.
From Lincoln, 5 F. M.
From South Starksboro, three times a week in-From New Haven Mills, three times a week ir-

For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the South, 10:30 A. M.
For New Haven, the North, Boston, New York, and the West through Burlington, 2:30 F. M.
For Richmond, Starksboro, Huntington and flunington Center, 7:30 Tuesdays, Thursdays, saturinys, at 7:30 a. m.
For Lucoln, 6:30 F. M.
For South Starksboro, three times a Week irregulariy.

For New Haven Mills three times a week irreg-FREDERICK LANDON, P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GLEN HOUSE,—East Middlebury, Vermon Mill Allen Manager.

AMES M. SLADE, Attorney and Counsel-lor at Law, and Solicitor and Master is nancery. Office in Brewster's Block. Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

VAN NESS HOUSE. Burlington, Vt. D. C. BARBER and O. B. FERGUSON, Pro-rietors. Free Carriage to Depot.

TEVENS HOUSE.

S. GAINES, Proprietor. Carriage to m depot. Good Livery connected with

W. JUDD.
Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of acrican and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c., ith Old Middliebury Marble Co.

J. S. CHANDLER, Pension Attorney RIPTON. VT. ADVICE GRATIS.





HOW TO BE YOUR OWN P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,000 Arch St., Phil's, Pa

SALEM LEAD CO.

SALEM, MASS.

Warranted PURE WHITE LEAD.—Well known throughout New England as the WHIT EST, FINEST, and BEST. LEAD TIPE on my size or thickness. LEAD TAPE, 5-8 in, wide, on reels for curtain LEAD RIBBON from 11-21. Sinches wide,

The Middleburn Register.

VOL. XLV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., AUGUST 20, 1880.

NO. 21.

Stock

Opp. T. M. Chapman & Co's.

Middlebury, Vermont.

We are now ready and invite the attention he public to what we think is the [best] RETAIL

Paper Hanging

OR WALL PAPER

from a distance.

Van Doorn & Tilson,

Good News for the Ladies

Middlebury, Vt., May 7, 1880.



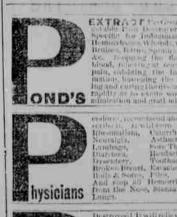
CANTERBURY SHAKER'S LIFE-INVICORATING : ARSAPARILLA.

The Great Blood Purifier, Kidney Remedy and Mild Laxative.

E, the undersigned, having used Dr. Cor-WE, the undersigned, having used Dr. Cor-bett's Shakers Sarsuparitia Syrup in our practice, and having examined the formula by and most effications of all the preparations of Sarsaparilla in the market. Its highly concentra-ted state, (there being un a given amount of ayrup twice the amount of Vegetable Extract that any other contains,) thecare, skill, and cleanliness of its Bunton, M. D., J. S. Elliet, M. D., James Babb, M. A G. French M. D. Josiah Crosby, M. D., A. G. Gale, M. D., James A. Gregg, M. D. JUST RECEIVED Gale, M. D., James A. Gregg, M. D.
Those who have failed to be benefitted by other
Sarsaparillas should not fail to make a single
trial of this blood purifying and life invigorating
compound of shaker sursaparilla, dendelinod,
yellow dock, mandrake, black cohosh, garget,
haltan hemp, and the berries of juniper ind
cubeb, combined with leddet of Pota-sum made
to the Society.

87 Enclose Stamp for Shaher Manual.

MENTAL and Physical Exhaustion, Nervous ness, Hysteria, Night Sweats Sleeplessness nd are sure to follow its daily use. Prepared t



No. 14 W. 14th St., New York.



Every woman who has saved rages for the past three years has justly complained of the low prace that have ruled in the barfer trade but 1989 seems to have opened a new era in prices, and it now pays as well as it ever has to save everything in this line. Unless the present tariff is meddled with se as to flood the United States with the plague infested rags of foreign countries and thus bring the price lower than they ever have been, there is a good prospect that fair prices will be sustained for all grades of rags. I am now paying 30% per cent higher for them than at April 1. Hear this in mind and also that everything that accumulates in the shape of cotion and woolen rages and paper except rag carpets and straw paper, is salable. Mix and cave all together and wait for one of my heldling teams, of which ligave three this season, and I will guarantee you a profitable exchange for the, woolen ware and notions. Old rubbers are worth twice hast year's price, and there is a heavy advance in all kinds of metals, as copper, brans, lead, zinc, pewter, tron, &c. a short, I pay more for four fifths of the 40 kinds of barter that I buy now than at any time 1 that four yers. I buy solting except the best "charced plate" for my in warre, and a suffet est guar antee of good workmanship is that liyde & Glaivin, of Middlebury, manufacture all my the ware Walt for my wagous and you will regret it. Respectivity.

Middlebury, Vt., May 7, 1880. TO THOSE THAT DON'T WISH TO

BE SURE AND KNOW.

J. N. SMITH, Proprietor.

The Windmill. Bahold, a giant am I ! Alott here in my tower With my granite jaws I devour

The maise, the wheat and the rye, And grind them into flour. I look down over the farms;

In the fields of grain I see The harvest that is to be, And I fling aloft my arms, For I know it is all for me

I hear the sound of dalls Far off from the thrashing-floors. barns with their open doors, And the wind, the wind in my sails Londer and londer roars.

I stand here in my place, With my toot on the rock below, And whichever way it may blow, I meet it face to lace,

As a brave man mets his loc. And while we wrestle and strive. My master the miller stands And teeds me with his hands, For he knows who makes him thrive; Who makes him ford of lands.

Church-going bells begin Their low, melodious din; I cross my arms on my breast. And all is peace within. - H. W. Longfellow, in Youth's Companier

A WOMAN, AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Doro thy. I want to see your sweet little face without it."
"Thou shouldst not speak so Charles. It is very wrong."
"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me

"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty vain. We ought to bear testi-mony against the vanity of personal looks."

locks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it plensed Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin."

"Hush, Charles, I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner."
And little Dorothy Hicks, the Quakeress, put on the gravest air and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

"Don't look so serious, little girl.
You positively alarm me." And Charles Maynard burst into a hearty laugh that echoel though the poplar trees in the old garden. "Now tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, as a member of your family, I consider that I have the right to be informed—are you going to marry Breadbrim?"

"Friend Ephraim is an estimable man, Charles; thou must not speak of him thus."

"Yees. But, Charles, I fear it is my duty."

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"Yees. But, Charles, I fear it is my duty."

duty-"
"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you want to go with me and watch the sunset on the river."

house and wistfully toward the river,
"Femme qui hesiteest perdue," Dorothy, which means "If we don't hurry,
Graycoat will come out and catch us."
Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to

"But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm?"

"But there will not; come, jump in."
The oars were lifted into the row-locks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder in her hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbies behind them. It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the east and the west; the clouds, blood-red and purple, are easting a vosy light all overthe broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing round their faces, and waves splash against the sides of their bont, like low, monotonous music. Charles is talking about his home, telling Dorothy about his aunts and cousins he has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college days, and his efforts to make his way in his profession, which were so unsuccessful at first. Neither of them notices that the breeze grows fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low, muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they had fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screamed Dorothy," the storm is upon us!" They had been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about the water

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "Listen.
There is a boat! It is coming this way."
Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild
cry of thanksgiving comes from her
lips.

"My love, my little love," he cried kissing her helpiess hands, "I have killed you?"

"Stop!" she exciaimed. "Listen. There is a boat! It is coming this way." Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephriam Ford had followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he nears them, they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries, "I wiil not take but one of you; it is not sals."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotioniess face, wrenches away the siender hands that cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms lays her at his own feet in the bottom of the boat. Not a word is spoken untit they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up a rain and carries her to the nearcest fisher's hut up the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her white lips.

"Go back for your elegant city lover, whose ignorant carclessness would have cost you your life but for me?"

Dorothy falls on her knees and grasps his cold hands in agony of entreaty.

"Go back, go back! You will go back for lim?"

"Promise me first that you will not marry him. Swear it as the world's people do."

He takes her hand and holds it up to heave, and waits for the oath.

Dorothy's lips move, but no sound come from them. Dorothy had fainted.

PIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

The figherman's wife takes the unconscious girl and lays her on her own bed, and Ephraim Ford goes upon his errand of mercy with murder in his heart.

The storm has lattled for a moment, it comes on so gradually, stooping every now and then, as if to make the earth believe that it were doubtful of its power, and can afford to wait.

Ephraim looks at the sky. It is still red in the west; the waves are rising steadily, but his stout built boat, directed by his powerful strength, can yet make its way through them. There is pienty of time; the tide will not turn for half an hour.

Ephraim lights his battle with tempetation and wins the victory; for, twenty minutes later the sturdy boat plows its way back to the shore, and two silent men struggled against the wind up the beach to the fisherman's hut. Dorothy is waiting for them. Her outstretched arms would wind themselves about both, but the stern, fixed look in Ephraim's eyes restrained her, and Charles turns from her and fixes his eyes upon the ground.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows they both love her, and she shivers at the suffering in both faces.

Then she remembers the oath she did Some Account of the Boston News-Lef-ter, Printed One Hundred Years Ago. Some Account of the Boston News-Latter, Printed One Hundred Feers Ago.

It is a fact worthy of record that in Beston was made the first attempt to set up a newspaper in North America, and that this attempt dates back nearly 200 years—to the 22th of September, 1600. The title of this ancient sheet was Publick Occurrences, both Elveiga and Domestick. Only one number of this paper is known to have been printed, and this bore the date of September 25, 1690, but whether it was suspended for back of patronace, or because the legislative authorities spoke of it as a pamphlet published contrary to law, and containing "reflections of a very high nature," is not known. It was printed by Benjamin Harris for Richard Pierce, and, so far as known, the only copy in existence is deposited in the state paper office in London. It was printed on the first three sides of a folded sheet—two columns to a rage, and each about

the first three sides of a folded sheet— two columns to a page, and each about seven by cleven inclose in size, and was to have appeared once a month.

It is still a more significant and im-portant fact that the first newspaper that was unblished in North America, was published in Boston. It was called The Boston News-Letter, and the initial number bore the date of Monday, April 24, 1704. It was a half sheet of paper, in size about twelve by eight inches. faces.

Then she remembers the cath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her son!. She speaks at last, and tries to thank Ephraim for the service he had done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in a slow, solemn tone, peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear of it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath. Dorothy, I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Wilt thou forswear thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers's and become one of the world's people?" 24, 1704. It was a ball sheet of paper, in size about twelve by eight inches, made up in two pages follo, with two columns on each page. The title is in Roman letters of the size which printers call French canon, and under it are the words "printed by authority," in old English. The imprint is: "Bostom; printed by B. Green; sold by Nicholas Boone, at his shop near the old meetinghouse." The proprietor was evidently John Campbell, postuaster, as indicated by the following advertisement, which was the only one the paper contained:

"This News-Letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenaments, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares or merchandise, etc., to be sold or let; or servants runaetc., to be sold or let; or servants runa-way, or goods stolen or lost; may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed: Who may agree with John Campbel, postmaster of Bos-ton. All persons in town or country may have the News-Letter weekly, yearly, upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbel, postmaster, for the same."

Campbell was a Scotchman, and ba-

Dorothy's eyes looked toward Charles with a mute appeal.

"He has saved both our lives, dear," answers the young man, in reply to her glance, "and he's worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the floor again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his treasure.

"Speak, Dorothy," Ephraim repeats.
"It is for you to choose,"

Dorothy's voice is choked with tenrs and her breast staken with sobs, as she answers. answers:
"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephraim, but I love him so!"
Then she stretched out her helpless hands, and the sweet lips whisper, "Charles." same."

Campbell was a Scotchman, and besides attending to his duties as postmaster and editor and publisher of the **Bras-Letter*, did some business as bookseller. Judging from copies of his paper, his literary accomplishments were of a limited charterer, for what little original matter there is, is poorly constructed, without regard to punctuation or grammatical construction, and construction, and construction of grammatical construction, and construction.

"Charles."
Only a single word, but it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes un-heeded out in the storm to conquer his heartache alone.

original matter there is, is poorly constructed, without regard to punctuation or grammatical construction, and consisted mainly of his own basiness advertisements. The paper was chiefly made up of extracts from London papers, which were necessarily several months old, consequently its support was fachic, and its circulation limited. The paper was issued weekly, and the second number contains three printed pages, the lourth being left blank, evidently for the want of news to fill up. This piece of enterprise was apparently not appreciated, as but two pages appeared in the next number, and also in the Issues for many years thereafter. Up to November 3, 1767, the News-Letter was printed by Bartholomew Green, and from that date to October 2, 1711, it was "Printed by John Alien in Pudding-lane (now Devonshire street), and soid at the posteffice and Allen's printing office were destroyed by fire, and the paper was again printed by B. Green, for John Campbell, posimaster, till the end of the year 1722.

Campbell made frequent importunat e calls upon the public to support his enterprise, "so as to emble the under-A Fish in His Ear.

A most horrible case of suffering is reported in this city, says a late issue of the Rending (Pa.) Eagle. The name of the victim is George Whitman, son of Howard Whitman, aged fourteen years. His sufferings were terrible in the extreme, and the pain and agony endured by him almost drove him mad. Young Whitman, in company with a number of boys about his own age, was in the habit of bathing in the Schuylkil, and since vacation commenced has gone in the water several times a day. Three weeks ago he was swimming with several of his schoolmates, and while diving he experienced a hick-ling sensation in one of his cers. Directly after he had a little pain, but it was only momentary, and soon passed away. He probed for the object with a snarp piece of wood, but could find nothing. He dropesed and went home, and no more attention was paid to the matter. Some time after he had a terrible headache, and from that time in A Fish in His Ear. Campbell made frequent importunate calls upon the public to support his enterprise, "so as to emable the undertaker to carry it on effectually." In January, 1719, Campbell proposed publishing his paper on a whole sheet, "because with half a sheet a week it is impossible to carry on and the publick news of Europe;" but his expectations were far from realized, judging from his statement that "the Undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to print half a Sheet Weekly, seeing that he cannot yend 300 at an Impresmatter. Some time after he had a terrible headache, and from that time up to within a few days ago he experienced nothing but an unceasing agony. The boy is naturally small and delicate for his age, and the awful strain upon his nervous system was enough to greatly ms age, and the average in the property reduce him and render him almost crasy. Sometimes there was a slight alleviation, but it invariably increased, and always with increasing pain. No and always with increasing pain. N physician was employed, his parent thinking he was sulleted with carache

had not suitable encouragement, even to print haif a Sheet Weekly, seeing that he cannot vend 300 at an Impression, the some ignorantly concludes he Sells upwards of a Thousand; far less is he able to print a sheet every other Week, without an Addition of 4, 6 or 8 Shillings a Year, as everyone thinks hit to give payable Quarterly, which will only help to pay for Press and Paper, giving his labor for nothing." In the latter part of the same year another postmaster was appointed, who began the publication of a rival newspaper. This disturbed Campbell greatly, and when, in 1731. James Franklin established a third newspaper, the New England Cherant, his ire was aroused, and he expressed his feelings in the News-Letter more forcibly than eloquently, as follows:

"On Monday last, the 7th Currant, came forth a Third Newspaper in this town, entitled the New England Courrant, to Home on unius Negotii; or Jack of all Trades, and it would seem, Good at none, giving some very, very frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers; wherein with submission of speak for the nublisher of physician was employed, his parents thinking he was afflicted with carache. The agony increased, and the boy passed many a sleepless night. His eye lost its brilliancy, and his cheeks their rosy, healthful hue. Landanum was recommended as a remedy for carache, and enough of the liquid was poured into his auditory passage to lay him into that sweet sleep that knows no waking. No relief was experienced by the frequent application of landanum; and rabbit's rat was next recommended. The animal was obtained and a lot of fat rendered. This brought no relief, and only greater and more horrible suffering. Matters went on in this way for over two weeks. It was now thought that the boy was afflicted with neuralgia, because he only experienced the pain in fits and starts. When it first commenced the one side of his head felt as if some small object was wriggling and twisting in his car. Daring this time he often thought the top of his head was about bursting open. The properties of molasses to "draw" are well known and a drop was poured into his car. At eleven o'clock at night he had another attack, and the pain he then endured, his parents say, is simply indescribable. Sleep was impossible us!" They had been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about the water rushes into the tiny beat. Both faces grow pale in the murky light as they see the danger.

"It is impossible; you can't do it!" "Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?" "It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered," and with a low moan Dorothy sank from her seat and covered her face with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The tide will not turn for an hour."

The effort was successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the very highest rock and lays her gently down."

"My love, my little love," he cried kissing her helpless hands, "I have killed you?"

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "Listen. There is a boat! It is coming this way."

Good at none, giving some very, very frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers; wherein with submission (I speak for the publisher of this intelligence, whose endeavors have always been to give no offense, not meddling with things outside his own Province.) The said Jack promises in pretense of Friendship to the other News Publishers to amend like Ale in Summer. Reflecting too, too much that my porformances are now and then very, very Dull, misrepresenting my candid endeavors (according to the Talent of my Capacity and Education; not scaring above my Sphere) in giving a true and genuine account of all Matters of Fart, both Foreign and Domestick, and well Attested, for these Seventeen Years and half past," etc.

The quarter between these two papers added to the prosperity of both for a while, and for two months Campbell issued a whole sheet every week, but at the expiration of that time the News-Letter was reduced to its original dimensions. No copies of the early numbers of Franklin's papers are in existence, but it is safe to assume that his replies were equally as caustic and bitter. The files of the News-Letter down to 1720, when Bartholomew Green became proprietor, are very imperfect, but the most complete are found in the library of the Massachusetts Historical society in this city, and these are all bound in two volumes, embracing not half of the numbers for the years previous to 1720. The Massachusetts Historical society in this city, and these are all bound in two volumes, combracing not half of the numbers for the years previous to 1720. The Massachusetts Historical society in this city, and these are all bound in two volumes, combracing not half of the numbers for the years previous to 1720. The Massachusetts Historical society in this city, and these are all bound in two commences to the effort. As previously stated, most of the effort. As previously stated, most of the effort. As previously stated, most of the effort. As previously stated, mo

FRONTIER TRAGEDIES. Two Incidents of the Old Deys on the

I was talking of starvation days, and they recall to my mind as I think of them many curious and some pathetic episodes. If you want to experience the purely adamentine side of humanity, I purely adamantine side of humanity, I commend you to a community of adventurers in search of wealth. I was once present at an extraordinary scene in a large dog kennel. One of the dogs fell sick and lay down and whimpered, whereupon the other dogs fell upon him "with angry tooth" and tore him to pieces. Something of this wolfish spirit I saw manifested on several occasions among the two-legged animals who were husting and elbowing each other in that roaring and overgrowded town. were lusting and clowing each other in that roaring and overcrowded town. One beautiful summer morning, as I lay on my comfortable—well, on my section of floor—wishfully dreaming of the possibility of some cood angel letting down a bagful of provender as any did once to some of the spontes, a paieraced young man appeared at the door. He was trembling all over, and seemed to be almost on the verge of delirium. "I am sick," said he, in a pitiful tone, "and I want to get to the hospital."

"and I want to get to the hospital."

"There is no hospital here," said I;
"there is ne money to support a hospital any longer; It has been closed up."

"But I tell you I am sick and hungry.
What am I going to do?"

"When did you get your last meal?"

"But I tell you I am sick and hungry.
What am I coing to do?"
"When did you get your last meai?"
"You don't know your lack to have fallen in with a meal so lately as that. It ought to last you a week here."
The poor fellow began to cry. "What can I do if I get nothing to eat?"
"Do?" cried a gruff voice from the other end of the place. "the best thing you can do is to get under a locomotive."
It was a crue: remark, yet I almost forgave the fellow who made it, knowing that he had been existing for five days on some dried apples which he stole out of a grocery barrel.

The stranger whined, "I suppose I'll have to die, then."
"Suppose so. Can, if you want to, you know," said the gruff voice.
"Go around town, and see what can be done for you," I suggested, and the man walked sadly away. He was well-dressed, and had the air of a fellow who had been well brought up. But he had lost his grit.

About two hours after that conversation I was waking along the railroad track when I way the munical body of

About two hours after that conversa-tion I was wairing along the railroad track when I saw the mangled body of my visitor of the morning, the head torn off the trunk and the limbs smashed into a pulp. He had taken the advice of the man who spoke to him, and had deliber-ately thrown himself under the wheels of the engine.

ately thrown himself under the wheels of the engine.

That was rather a harrowing episode, and I only recall it to show a phase of human nature in its very hardest aspects, when the hw of self-preservation asserts itself in the presence of calamity. Under some kinds of pressure mankind becomes, "more fell than anguish, hunger or the sea." I saw a crowd of idle laborers on the railroad looking curiously at the torn remains as they lay there under the beating sun and not one them would turn over his heel to fetch a covering to hide the terrible sight from the public gaze. When called on to help pack the fragments into a box, they walked away with some contemptuous remark about the poor soul who could not stand the buffers of that rough world.

A few nights after that I witnessed a scene of a more inspiring character, but it as a character, but it as a character.

functionary was aroused from his fair by an intimation that the vigitantes were on the war-path, and that they had two horse thieves and a murderer in hand. Sheriff Jim quietly turn di ever on his other side, muttering that he would see about it in the morning; but I was curious to see a real two but I was curious to see a real live vigilant, so I went forth into the dark-ness to take a peep at these ominous birds of night.

birds of night.

Adown the main street came a formidable looking body of men, all masked. Instinctively I approached the gang, as I had often done in street parades, but a score of stera voices cried: "Away from here, and mind your business." I obeyed without a murmur, for there was something grim and solemn in the attitude of those avenging angels. Hearing the lively tum-tum of a guitar in the attitude of those averaging angels. Hearing the lively tum-tum of a guitar and the squeshing of a fiddle in a dancehouse. I flow thisher for shelter, and beheld a gay throng of revelers, evidently mad with whisky, whirling around in wild quadrilles—a veritable dance of warlocks and witches, as fantastic as that in the celebrated ale-vapor dream of the Scottish bard in the "haunted kirk." Plainsmen, clad in tattered bucksich garmonts, Indian fashion, were plunging turiously through the set with gay gamblers in nobby attire, and forforn looking types of femininity arrayed a suits of "frayed magnificence." A loud, mad, motley crowd, such as Satan might have pipes to, and all energed in leclebrating the liberation of a desperado called Charlie Martin, who had that day been acquitted by a jury "of his peers" on the charge of cold blooded assassination. Charlie himself was the hero of the of the revelers, and was the hero of the

Just as the mirth and fun was at its height, and the murderer was estling for a round of drinks for the crowd a man entered and tapped him quietly on the

chtered and tapped him shoulder.

"Come out for a minute," said he,
"there's a friend of yours at the door wants to speak to you."

Charley stepped out, and the man locked the door behind him. I had managed to silp out unnoticed, and there I saw a semi-circle of men in masks waiting to receive their victim. Withwaiting to receive their victim. With-out a word they gagged him, and with-out a word they dragged him away to the end of the street where a tripod had been erected. The fellow struggled and fought like a iton for his life. He fought until the moose was fastened round his neck, and until the life was choked out

It was a strange contrast to this grim scene to go back to the dance house and see the revelers continue their orgy, all unconscious of the dreadful deed that had been done just omaide of their festivity. And when the sun rose that morning it rose upon a wonderful silent city. Men talked in whispersand pointed to the dreary sight, while groups of men wandered around to the "Eleptant Corral" where the body of a horse-thief hung in full view.

The other horse-thief they dismissed

The other horse-thief they dismissed with a few scattering charges of back shot in the rear, and sent him skipping or protection to Fort Davy Russell.-

eme to local events, which are vemarkable alike for their quaintness of composition and the singular character of the events recorded. The News Letter was published without interruption for a period of seventy-two years, and was the only paper printed in Boston during the siege.

During the last twenty years the United Presbyterian church in this country has added to its number of communicants over 25,000. There were then 408 ministers, now 675; then 634 congregations, now 80,002; then 654 congregations, now 80,002; then 55,547 communicants, now 80,002; then 21,200 Sunday-school schoolars, now 73,114; then contributions to foreign missions \$8,574, now \$36,200; then 21,200 Sunday-school schoolars, now 73,114; then contribution per member for all purposes \$4,31, now \$10,35.

While a glib-tongued attendant shis praises, the king takes out tee all who apply, sometimes pushing out with the point of his sword, he sells an ache-destroyer at fifty

TIMELY TOPICS,

The preilminary workings for the tunnel under the English channel, uniting England and France, have had the most satisfactory results. The promoters have sunk their shaft to the stratum in which they propose to bore the tunnel, and are now going to sink another shaft, and lower all the machinery for the bore. In eighteen months they expect to have reached two kilometers (about two and a quarter miles) under the channel, and in three or four years to have completed the task.

Idaho Territory holds court at Boise, where is located all the government offices, and is the home of the United States marshal. He goes to Lewiston, 400 miles distant, twice a year to attend district court, and also twice a year to Maisd for the same purpose, traveling a distance of 525 miles to reach there. To simply attend the courts in the three districts requires him to travel 3,700 miles. But to do all his official work last year caused Mr. Chase to travel by stages 9,000 miles.

The slang phrase "queer fish" has been realized in piscatorial form in California. At Monterey some fishermes cought it in a seine. It was about nine inches long. The first half of the fish was a mountain brook trout, having the eye, head, scales, spots and shape of the fish. It had a pair of fins at the usual place behind the gills; an inch or two back of this it suddenly changed into a sliver cell, the shape, color and absence of scales being perfect. It will probably find a resting place on the shelves of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

A German paper relates that at Biberich, recently, quite a crowd gathered to witness the novel spectacle of a drunken driver being taken home by his horse. The man was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, but the faithful animal pushed him onward with its head. Now and then the driver attempted to turn into side streets, but the horse seized him by the coat with its teath, and thus piloted him to the stable. The horse had a great deal of trouble with its master, but finally got him home safe. It is said that this valuable animal has acted the good Samaritan for his master repeatedly before,

An excellent instance of the way in which the children in the average public school learn without learning is related by Barnes' Educational Monthly. A teacher in one of our public schools has been necustomed to require her pupils to say: "The equator is an imaginary line passing around the earth," etc. It never occurred to her that the boys and girls of her school had no idea what an imaginary line meant, until one day a visitor asked them how wide they thought the equator is. Some thought it was 5,000 miles wide, others 2,000 and others thought they could jump over it. The visitor then asked how they thought ships got over it. One pupil said he thought they got out and drew them over, and another said he had read that a canal had been dug through it! "What is the name of this canal?" was asked. "The Suez canal!"

sun and not one them would turn over his heel to fetch a covering to hide the terrible sight from the public graze. When called on to help pack the fragments into a box, they walked away with some contemptuous remark about the poor soul who could not stand the buffer's of that rough world.

A few nights after that I witnessed a scene of a more inspiring character, but just as characteristic of the manmers and customs of the overcrowded dog kennel. It occurred in a dancehouse, where the lamps shone o'er, not fair women and brave men, but an assemblage of cut-throus, gamblers and women steh as few lamps ever had the privilege of making visible. I had taken refuge in the sheriff's office that morning, and about evening that functionary was aroused from his lair that occasion was the fifteenvewer-ald that occasion was the fifteenvewer-ald that occasion was the fifteenvewer-ald rence, killed and, it is said, scalped them. Among the Indians killed on that occasion was the fifteen-year-old son of the renowned chief Victoria. The lad fought desperately as long as he could if a land to strike. The people of Silver City are greatly exercised about the Apaches, who have made mining in that vicinity extremely haz-

Water Funeral in Norway.

One of the chief men of Christiansund had died, and was about to be buried. His body was to be conveyed across the waters of the bay to the church, where the funeral ceremony would take place. The day was intensely hot; the sun poured down his rays from a cloudless sky; not a breath of air stirred in this landlocked, hill-sheltered bay. All nature seemed to rejoice in sunshine and prosperity. The houses on the slopes, one above another, looked white and tranquil. Nothing could be less in harmony with the ceremony about to take place. In the distance, on the opposite side of the bay, a crowd of people could be claserned, quiet, motionless. A landing-stage was decked with green boughs and garlands, terminating at the water's edge in an arch of green leaves. At the foot of the landing-stage some eight or ten boats were waiting. Suddenly there was a slight stir in the crowd. The coffin was being borne on men's shoulders down to its appointed boat. A few minutes more and the cortege set out. The first boat contained the musicians, and anything more sad, solemn, and mournful than the dirge they played could not be imagined. It was distressing in wailing gloom and misery. A certain occasional discord mingled with the harmony, the very embodiment of despair and heartbroken sorrow. Immediately following the musicians was a boat riehly decorated with garlands of leaves and flowers in the form of a canopy, that might rather have decked a bride than the dead. Below this gorgoous and beautiful canopy, covered by no pall, cumbered by no trappings, reposed the coffin. The boat had all the appearance of a triumphal barge. The sight was one of the strangest, most interesting, most impressive I had ever seen—perhaps partly from its very noveity—this quaint mode of burying the dead. For a quarter of an hour we watched the procession in its slow, stately, and solemn march. The cars were muffled, and not a sound marked its progress save the wall of the music, which never ceased in melancholy strains. Every it jarred the feelings and shot a shiver through the frame that no self-control could resist. On and on they went, boat after boat, that one containing the beat after boat, that one containing the coffin always the most conspicuous, the eye ever reverting to it with a mourn-fal faselnation. The procession passed onward until it entered a narrow canal between the islands, and was lost to view. Less and less distinct, slower and slower grew the wailing sounds of the music, until they ceased altogether. Then we knew that the procession was landing, and was about to make its way on feot to the church. A state funeral in Westminster Abbey, with all the glitter of pomp and ceremony, the stirring strains of the "Dead March," had never impressed me as did this simple procession. This water funeral remains among the most vivid and distinct, most interesting and most solemn recollections I have kept of Norway.—

The Argony.

Feather pillows can be cleaned and purified without removing the feathers, by taking the pillows, laying them in the bathtub, scrubbing them with a scrubbing-brush dioped in a solution of two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to helf a pail of warm water and rinse them thoroughly. Lay them out on the grass to dry, turning them frequently; and at the last pin them to the line for a number of days, and when quite dry beat them with a rod. This is to disentangle and lighten the feathers.